STARVING RUSSIANS sell their daughters a

n the Far Province of Kazan, Russia, In the Little Village of Boutirka, the Daughters of Eight Peasants, a Few Weeks Ago, Were Sold to Turkish Harems to Keep Their Families From Starvation, and the Story Here Told Is That of the Despair and Suicide of the Father of One of These Unfortunate Young Women.

By IVAN PAVLOVNA

ZAN, Province of Kazan, weeping in Boutirka. Famine has hung a gray pall of misery over the little village, usually so gay at this season of grain garhering. Where once the voices of the peasants were heard calling cheerily one to another as they toiled now only is the sound of lamentation.

But woe, much more poignant than the pangs of hunger, has entered the hearts of the simple folk.

That they may live on and on in their wretchedness and squalor, under the baleful eyes of the governor's troops, peasants here are selling their

That is why tears drip from the goodwife's eyes into the empty same-

That is why the plowman's gaunt frame is shaken by sobs as he stumbles along, his heart heavier than the clods upturned.

Girls Sold at Auction.

Most pitiful of scenes! There in the open market place, in the shadow of the white slate hills—their home eight girls, ranging from twelve to seventeen years, some resigned, some wildly weeping and tearing from their heads strands of disheveled black hair, were placed upon the auction block and sold into worse than slavery. Their destiny the harem of the hated Turk, there to loll on silken cushions antil the mind decays and the soul

No ray of hope for them, save only that the small sums they brought-from 100 to 150 roubles aplece-might keep life through the winter in the the younger children in the huts.

Mothers wrung their hands and fell swooning, as the droskys that were to bear their daughters on the way to the Caucasus, drove up, and the swart, rvil-eyed Mahometan agents of the well-to-do Turks who had bought the girls, with coarse jests, roughly swung them to their seats in the vehicles, Then the sad return of the downcast

these never returned home. This is the story of a father's despair, as set forth by himself in a lengthy letter in explanation of his deed, found on his body, which was here he had hanged himself the day

> 姓 姓 Letter of Remorse.

daughter, Katya.

The manuscript, part of which evidently had been lost, is here given: "The Volga flows rapidly; time flies more rapidly, but how slowly move the minutes of absence.

"My daughter sold to the Turk to

keep us all from starvation. 'God of the Russians! Thou who regardest not the faces of men, but their hearts, hear witness of the overwhelm ing remorse and anguish that I have

quite thou those tenfold who have brought this misery upon us and upon all the peasantry of our country. "My own little Katya! How I nurtured and sheltered you from the days of your baby helplessness. In our gar den there were many flowers, but that flower which called you to my mind

"I recall what pleasure your mother and I used to take in entwining strings of pearls in your black hair,

Wound of my heart! Even as short

through the manufacture of Russia leather, in my factory at Laischev. I, Dmitri Tarasievitch, gave you your of the Eighth conscription, including when war broke out with Japan, and sent them both to the front. They head-their blood and mine.

Father's Vow of Vengeance.

"The night I had the message tellarch-butcher, I vowed that I would do all I could to keep other parents in Russia from experiencing the misery that was mine. I consecrated myself to the overthrow of a government that ruthlessly shed the peoclety-which one, you and your mother

"But I had made enemies while prospering at the factory. Some one informed upon me. I thought that no one would suspect a cripple of being a reactionary. I was watched and prosecuted. I has given half of my the funds of the society. The other half soon was spent in our new home in the city of Kazan. We were with-It was either that or starvation netimes I would be seized with a desire to end my misery, but a look into your mother's eyes and yours

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would make me hate myself for the coward I had been.

"No, I would not die. I would live ernment that had stolen my sons. So

'Soon the spies closed my little shop. I was arrested, but they could prove nothing. I was released, and, to feed you both, I. Dmitri Tarasievitch, became an ivoshtshik, driver of a coach. "Bitter was my cup when noble loafers would patronizingly stroke me on the back with their sticks and say: "Davai, starite, "Here, old fellow, know you of some pretty dancer at the theater who may be lonely to-

"Cursing inwardly the while I would drive about, only to tip the drunken fools sprawling into the street, and quickly dash away. Those nobles! How I hated them. Even now, I blame them for all my wretchedness. 災 災

Mingles With Tartars.

"But even my position as coach driver was stripped from me. In Kazan city I took you both over into the Tartar suburbs and suppressed my soul while I mingled with the Mahometan horde.

could abide the Tartar koulmiak and schtann garments, and wore instead the robes of the Chuvasse woman. We tribe allowed us to remain among them, so long as we would work for them. You. little one, made faces whenever we would feed you peremiad, greasy meat, pasty, steaming from the petch, or Tartan oven. Then only did we laugh. Our days were filled with sor-

when one day the Tartar band finally cast us forth. There your mother and I worked in making the soap of muclo. You helped us, but the enemy was there and again we were spied upon. From post station to post station, back into the province we went, I now and then getting a clerkship, only to lose it when the persecutor traced us

"Finally to Boutirka we came. You now bloomed as a young woman. My brother Mikhail and my sister Praskovia, who up to this time had avoided me in my trouble, loaned me nough money to rent from a rich muzhik the little plat of ground we have since called home. As any peasant of these parts, I attached my-self to the archbishopric and, in our painted wooden but of many colors, life seemed more bearable.

When I hark back, how glad it makes me that you never had a lover! How, if he could not have taken you as his wife, would it have crushed him to see you sold as I have sold you on the block. He would have killed me. "Once, while you and your mother were working in the field, a kniaz did

But no more of that. I'e rode on, with my curses ringing in his ears.

流 流 Police Lose Trail.

For the first few months of our life in the village the spies did not molest us. The accursed hounds seemed

to have been thrown off the scent. But could not believe this of the Russian police. They must be playing a waiting game, thought I. owing to my infirmity, there was little that I could do in the field, your moth-

er, with one hired hand and you to brought us in sufficient to pay the muzhik. "There were trips to the city of Ka zan, though always fearful ones, lest the spies, again should pick up the and the labor was not hard. had time to improve our minds when winter came. I had nearly given up

the reactionaries, fearing I should

bring down upon your defenseless

heads the weight of the inexorable

law. We thought of placing you in the

Convent of Cur Lady of Kazan, "Would God that we had done it, or drowned ourselves in the Kazanka. Just as the dawn of hope seemed near, with our granaries well stocked, came his blighting famine. Not only had the Volga failed to inundate the plains over as wide an area in the but the weather was unfavorable: the peasants fel! behind in their planting and the ground refused its increase Agrarian difficulties had brought into disfavor many of the folk of the coun-

piles of fodder and sacks of Sain in my barns by order of the mil-

tryside and their lot was a hard one-

the good of all. Again we were penniless. We could not pay the muzhik. This time he was relentless.

一世 世 Temptation at Hand. "Then came the envoys of the Turk

tion to the effect that every Kentucky home is a private bar

and every Kentuckian in a per-

petual state of alcoholic exaltation

As a matter of fact, according to Col.

to know, Kentuckians drink less than

"lickers up" to forget a sorrow un-

less he is in an alien land, suffering

from acute nostalgia. If he gets

his glorious state and his glorious

State, and except upon fete days, he

It was a benighted pack of the East

"Could I be granted what I'd ask in that celestial clime

I'd have a horse race every day and licker all the time."

who is capable of defeating his in a

Kentuckian's love of and his appre-

"If he were convinced than heaven

would be an interminable boulevard,

and the transportation of horses as-

though convinced that it lay through

According to Colonel Watterson it

ciation of the cup that cheers:

turf battle-has not been exaggerated.

The love of the Kentuckian for his

sion to his feelings in such a manner

who made a Kentucky colonel say:

refrains from giving expres

Kentucky is so close to an earthly

through the province, seeking fair " 'These peasant girls are fine look-

in the fields, when they might adorn

"Our larder was bare. Nights lay I,

dwellers in less blessed lands, that

the crystal waters from the lime-stone springs of the blue grass and the perfect kernels of the corn from

the river "bottoms" were brought in

to conjunction and distilled into an

amber liquid that in due time spread

from Bering Straits to the Straits of

the favorite potation of the discrim-

The Kentuckian has never lacked

appreciation of and pride in, and truth

to tell, an abiding love for, the na-

tive beverage, but he knows that to enjoy health and longevity and to ex-

tend the blessings of life over a long

to be temperate in his infusion of the

true Kentuckian may reach middle

cheeks bespeaking a regular, but temperate indulgence in the native

NO MORE.

nectar, but rarely is he a drunkard.

This is the burden of the heart, The burden that it always bore-

We clasp each other to the heart,

There is a time for tears to start-

And part to meet on earth no more

For dews to fall, and larks to soar; The time for tears is when we part
To meet upon the earth no more;
The time for tears is when we part

Chronic Kentucky Jag a Myth

The gnawing of hunger us had maddened me. Your m

get of the Turk's eyes; your form, stately as the tree, to be his master's was at home, weeping over the ab-

Kabansky, the priest, to write this my farewell to you, and this world of

whose threshold you tour the light

tioneer handed you over to the ac-

Decides on Suicide.

when you departed. "I have stopped at the home of wretchedness. I shall end my miser-

Maine Brars Are Wondrous Wise

black bears once owned the land and all upon it, and where to this day their fondness for mutton and honey is sadly realized, there sat upon the benchin front of the postoffice a bunch of villagers. They were just from the grocery, the wise man, the historian, and the boss hunter of the village. They had settled some points about the New York election, laid out the plan of the Panama Canal, and decided that the winter would be "open." when the talk drifted to the question of courage in a man and beast, and they had to sit down on the postoffice bench and have it out.

Uncle Penny, the wise man, said that beasts of the forest had no real couraget-that they fought against desperate odds merely through ignorance. Sim Betts, the historian, pondered deeply to rake up some instance that would contradict this theory, but before he could recall or invent any-thing, Peletiah Jones, the boss hunter. declared that, while no bigger fool than the buil moose ever stalked the earth, bears had, on the average, more brains than men. And he proceeded

'Now," said Jones, "you don't never hear of b'ar a bucking injines on the railroad, do ve? Sartinly not. Moose does, an' allers gits th' wust of it. Nat'rally, logines is fron, an' can make hash outen any critter that walks. Moose ain't got brains enuff to knew it: b'ars has.

"Spose all you fellers recollect that mess of old junk that I helped haul Well, that was what was left of one of them auty-hobiles after a good, bright ba'r had a whack at it. Hap-paned down here couple of miles below Passadunky. 'Twas an old she b'ar that had two cubs, and one day when the fambly of them was a crossin' the road to get into a better berry patch, what should come whizzin' along but some sports in a big steam waggin'

"The old b'ar an' t'other cub got acrost all right an' stood at the edge of the road a-lookin' kinder dazed. I was close enuff to drop the two of them, but I'd no gun with me, so I

ist sot there an' watched, "Pretty soon the old b'ar come out. "Pretty soon the old bar come out an' sniffed at the carcass of the dead cub, rollin' it over with her paw, and grunting around as though she expected to wake it up. Seeing that the cub laid there stiff an' still, the old one hustled off into the bushes with t'other cub iaggin' on behind. I sposed that was the last of it, but that's above I had symething new to

old b'ar went into the bushes, an' spruce, with an old stub (dead trunk),

morse, your father has atoned in part.

"May you soon be freed from the talons of the Mahometan. I am leaving directions to my brother, "But I shall never face her: I shall never return to that home, from Mikhail; to my friend, Vassiil Koudrafftseff, and to Ivan, all in spirit my Rebiata, my children, how there is a way to liberate you. First it is

necessary——"
But here the strange manuscript ends. Search about the granary where Tarasievitch was found hang-

was jest barely caught on the spruce so's the least job would bring it down. Well, sh, you can believe me or not, floundered up to that there stub an', pattin' her shoulder ag'in it, brought it down, slam bang, right across the road, sendin' up a cloud of dust high-

er'n the autymobile stirred up.
"Well. sir, I never see the like, an" for some time I set there, wonderin' what the old b'ar was up to, Then, what the old bar was up to. Then, grajerly, it began to leak through me that she was after revenue on the sports that killed her cub. She was a-blockin' of the road ag'in the time

"Well, I says to myself, says L "There's no tellin' when the fellers'll came back; it may be a week.' An' so havin' other fish to fry, and it bein' none of my mess, anyway, I kept on. I was gone a couple of hours, an' when I come back along, cuss me if that old b'ar an' her cub wasn't a-set-tin' there in the edge of the busiles as though they expected comp'ny. When I went past they never hudged an', havin' no gun, I come right along an' left them to tend to their own bis'ness.

"I hadn't got more'n ten rods fur-ther 'long toward the village when I heard the great tootin' an', looking shead. I see the steam waggin' a-streakin' it down the road. 'Now.' says I to myself; 'now,' that there may an' with all respec' to the b'ar's feelsee it go to smash ag'in an old stub not worth ten cents,' so I hollered fer the sports to hold up, but I guess they didn't hear me, for they flew past in a cloud of dust. "Here, says I," is where the old

b'ar gets square, 'an' I hustled back growth along there, an' hard to see anythin' 'cept in broad daylight, so 'fore the sports knew it they were right onto that big stub. I was last near enuff to see what happened with First I heard a yell, then a bump, an then come a smashin' an' crashin' wke breakin' a jam on the West Branch. That macheen jest riz up like a batteau on a rock, an' in a minute the air was full of it. The two sports, they shot out ahead an' landed face down in the road. One wheel sailed off into the brush, an' one of them hopped up an' hung on the branch It of anything, an' you could sm. ". >---zine a mile away.

"Jest as I come up I could for a crashin' away off in the berry patch. a good job an' got square. This fall," concluded the boss hunter. "I am agoin' after that b'ar. If I get her I'll know her, for she'll smell of benzine,

## Boys On'y Will People This City

ranging in age from eleven to council, to the development of boy seventeen years, organized as a complete municipality, with wards, city council, mayor, and administrative departments. Such is the plan for a boys' and professional men connected with the Winora Assembly, which has been formbed by philanthy points of that body. The

The movement was started a short time ago in Indianapolis at a meeting attended by thirty prominent business and professional men connected with the Winona Assembly and Winona Technical School. J. M. Studebaker, of South Bend, is chairman, and Judge Willis Brown, of the juvenile court of Salt Lake City, director of the venture. The 5,000 boys, who otherwise would spend their vacation time in sweltering cities, will be taken to the Indiana lake and taught co-operation and discipline, together with the more academic subjects of the lecture room.

There will be eight wards in the boys city, each one of which will elect a representative to the city council. The council will meet once or twice a week.

It was he who picked her up when, on a soda fountain, a restaurant, a photothe steps of the old Sage residence on graphic supply shop at Fifth avenue, near Forty-second street, owned and operated by stock companies the bell wire broke in her hand, sending of boys, each under the charge of an her backward in a fall that threatened adult. At the end of the season the grave consequences. It was he who profits will be distributed as dividends. when the millionaire, exiled from the scene of his labors, had coaxed from the doctor an hour's immunity delivered.

These various enterprises will be organized by the management, and will be ready for business the opening delivered.

his own provisions. He may bring fully has the old coachman fulfilled his them with him or buy them at the grocery, and may eat his meals at reward or resent. He has been the dry and other necessaries will be sup-

speak to his mistress. Thinking she was dence in the city, including his tent, the library to receive her orders, and, be five permanent buildings in the city Mrs. Sage smilingly put aside her old supply house, gymnasium, band stand, One of the features will be a telephone system, by means of which the boys will be taught the rudiments of over the stable, and Mrs. Sage was con-telephone engineering. This will be an adjunct of the electrical department cerned for the disturbance caused them by the horses in their stalls below.
William Boss' son, now grown to manhood and acting as second coachstruments in their tents at a nominal struments in their tents at a nominal

Boys are to have a city all their ephones, charging all others one cent own at Lake Winona. Indiana— for each call. Any abuse of this monopactom community of 5,000 persons, oly will be threshed out before the city ranging in age from eleven to council, to the development of boy

ed by philanthropists of that body. The be shown with a stereopticon. This deboys' city is to make its bow to the pub- partment will be in charge of an experiboys city is to make its no next August.

The movement was started a short time ago in Indianapolis at a meeting instrument will be expected to

grocery, and may eat his meals at the restaurant, where the prices will be only little more than cost. Fuel, laundry and other necessaries will be supplied by the management.

The boys will live in tents holding four or eight occupants. These will be set up by the management without cost to the boys, the small advance fee charged each for his three weeks' residence in the city, including his tent, cot, light, fuel and water. There will be five permanent buildings in the city.

In connection with the juvenile court of Salt Lake City is a very large farm, tilled by the wards of the court. A band of forty pieces, which has won high praise in many of the large cities of the West, where it has been in demand at conventions and fairs, is another feature.

feature.
The Salt Lake City court has caused class shall have a monopoly on the tel- Chicago Record-Herald.

Faithful Coachman Generously Rewarded

"I had become like these peasants ith whom I had mingled. Yemelian

was to sell his daughter; Yeme'ka his.

looked upon your wan ones, so drawn

and blue in the squalor of our hut.

me! I took you to the block. Your brows, black as night, to be the tar-

the doctor an hour's immunity daily "to see the wheels go around." And faith-Not a word has been said, a line been printed about the Sages that mild-mannered Cerberus of their household and tyrannous of their comfort

Boss was in the stable at Cedarcroft, set up by the management without cost Mrs. Sage's Lawrence, (R. I.) home, when one of the servants called him to charged each for his three weeks' resipreparing for a drive, he walked into cot, light, fuel and water. instead received a check for \$2,000.

henchman's gratitude and told him that, and electrical and photographic shops. it was her intention to put up a \$4,000 cottage for him. Boss and his family quartered in apartments over another \$2,000 check when he came

was in sweet charity for the unhappy THE WASHINGTON TIMES MAGAZINE

Note the words of a Kentucky writer, placing that sentiment above the words of a Kentucky writer. The burden that it always boreer, placing that sentiment above the words of a Kentucky writer.

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